

H Y M N
T O T H E
G O D D E S S *of* S I L E N C E.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;



L O N D O N:

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H. MY N

TO THE

GODDESS OF ASIA

BY HENRY J. ASH



LONDON

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[Price Six Pence]



H Y M N

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G O D D E S S *of* S I L E N C E.



LL Hail! O awful, sage *Divinity!*

Goddeſs of Silence! hail! eternal *Pow'r,*

Who knoweſt how the *Univerſe* was
form'd,

How *Nature* firſt began! for thou waſt then,

And ſtartedſt at the dread, creating *Voice,*

E'en then thou waſt, and ſtill thou wilt endure,

When weary'd *Time,* and *Nature* are no more;

At

At *Desolation* thou again must start,
And the vast *Globe* shall fright thee with its Fall.

Thee, solemn *Being*! venerable *Queen*!
Whose Charms the busy *Vulgar* never know,
Thee the wise *Ancients* justly did revere,
And *Temples* to thy Name devoutly raise.

Thee, *Goddeſs*! thee, at the ſtill Noon of Night
When all is hush'd, delighted, I adore,
And the pale Moon is witness to thy Rites.

Thee, pleasing *Deity*! the *ſacred Nine*,
Daughters of *Jove*, the bleſt *Pierian Maids*
Pursue, and find thee oft in inmoſt Groves;
On Rocks remote, on ſhady Banks they meet
Thy kindly Aid, while *Phæbus* ever young,
Immortal *Phæbus* wakes his golden Lyre;
Thy tender Ear can brook the heav'nly Sound:
Thou'rt Friend to *Music*, and harmonious *Verſe*;
For tho' thou ſhun'ſt the noiſy, loud *Reſorts*

Of

Of restless Man, resounding *Palaces*,
 The clam'rous *Camp*, the dire, tumultuous *Field*,
 And oft at the throng'd *Bar* art call'd in vain;
 How awful yet o'er crouded *Theatres*
 Dost thou preside, when *Johnson's* manly *Scene*,
Shakespear, or moving *Otway* warms the *Stage*?

O thou, propitious to the tuneful *Quire*!
 Where'er thou dost reside, receive my Vows!
 Whether in *Deserts* wild, or *Woods* remote,
 Where yet no *Path* is made, nor *Echoes* rude
 Frighten the *Dryads* from their lov'd *Retreat*;
 Or whether, lonely, thou delight'st to stray
 At *Noontide* on the solitary *Plam*,
 While *Flocks*, and *Herds*, and all the rural *Rout*
 Of *Nymphs*, and *Swains* are hid in cooling *Shades*;
 Or is the *Gothic* *Temple's* gloomy *Isle*,
 The dusky *Cloister*, or dark *Cyprus* *Grove*
 Thy lov'd *Abode*? Or dost thou choose to haunt
 (Hard by old *Memphis*, and the fabled *Nile*)
 The empty *Vaults* of lofty *Pyramids*,

Vain Monuments of ancient *Ægypt's* Pride?
 Or, haply, farther from the World remov'd,
 On *Pindus'* Top, or *Atlas'* hoary Crown,
 Or some vast Promontory thou dost stand,
 Whence scarce the angry *Ocean* is o'erheard,
 To lash the hollow, far-resounding Shoar.

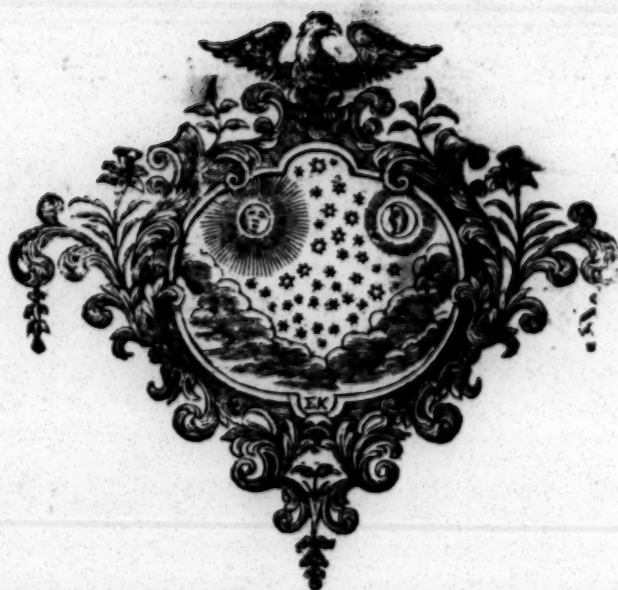
Where'er thou'rt found, great *Pow'r*, vouchsafe th
 Aid!

Deign visit our Retreat! the sacred *Muse*,
 The sacred *Muse* with me your Help implores;
 Of *War*, and *Sports* by turns we mean to sing,
 Of mighty *Heroes*, and of mighty *Love*.
 In vain the *God* of *Numbers* doth inspire,
 In vain *Apollo's* Sons attempt to soar
 Without thy Influence. Come, Goddess, come!
 Bring with thee *Quiet*, *Contemplation*,
 Poetic *Visions* bright, and *Dreams* sublime,
 Such as of old great *Homer* did inspire,
 Such as the *Gods* above themselves may dream,
 Still *Dreams* indeed; but *Dreams* of mighty *Jove*.

Thus

Thus well attended, bless our *Solitude* !
There nothing shall suspend thy gentle Reign,
Save the low Murmur of a distant Stream,
Except by chance sweet *Philomel* complains,
Or *Cloë* tunes her melting Voice, and Lyre.

F I N I S.



Thus well attended, blest our solitude!
 There nothing shall suspend thy gentle Reign,
 Save the low Murmur of a distant Stream,
 Except by chance sweet Philomel complains,
 Or Comes her melting Voice, and Lyre.



F I N I S

